And I tell you, she is one that stands on her credit.
*Fal.* Well, come Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford*.
*Quic.* I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.
*Fal.* Nay prethee be briefe, my good she *Mercury*
*Quic.* Marry sir, shee'd haue you meete her
Betweene eight and nine.
*Fal.* So, betweene eight and nine.
*Qu.* I forsooth, for then her husband goes a birding
*Fal.* Well, commend me to thy Mistris, tell her
I will not faile her: Boy, giue her my purse.
*Quic.* Nay sir, I haue another errant to do to you,
From Mistris *Page*.
*Fal.* From Mistris *Page*? I prethee what of her?
*Qu.* By my troth I think you work by inchantments.
Else could they neuer loue you as they do.
*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction
Of my good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments.
*Quick.* Well sir, she loues you extremely,
And let me tell you, shee's one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealous as M. *Ford* is.
*Fal.* But hark thee, hath mistris *Page* & mistris *Ford*
Acquainted each other how dearely they loue me?
*Quic.* O God no sir; there were a iest indeed.
*Fal.* Well farwell, commend me to Mistris *Foord*,
I will not faile her say.
*Quic.* God be with your Worship.
*Exit Mistresse Quickly.*
*Enter Bardolfe.*
*Bar.* Sir, heeres a Gentleman,

One



One M. *Brooke*
He hath sent y
*Fal.* M. *Bro*
Such *Brookes*
A *Iacke*, will th
Wilt thou aft
Be now a gay
And ile make
Ha, ha, mistris
I caught you

*Ent*
*For.* God sa
*Fal.* And yo
*For.* Marry
To trouble yo
*Fal.* Good
*For.* Ifaith
That haue see
That if mony
*Fal.* Mon
*For.* Ifaith
Would you
*Fal.* O Lo
To be your P
*For.* That n
Sute to you.
Told you my
Estate, since y
Such an offe
*Fal.* Very

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITIS